

THE COURIER-GAZETTE.

ROCKLAND GAZETTE ESTABLISHED 1816.
ROCKLAND COURIER ESTABLISHED 1874.

The Press is the Archimedean Lever that Moves the World at Two Dollars a Year

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
SINGLE COPIES PRICE FIVE CENTS.

VOL. 4.—NEW SERIES.

ROCKLAND, MAINE, TUESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1885.

NUMBER 2.

THE COURIER-GAZETTE

EDITED BY W. O. FULLER, JR.

For THE COURIER-GAZETTE.
INCOMPLETE.

A prayer half uttered in a heart that still beat,
A web half woven on a broken loom,
A flower half bloomed in its early bloom—
By cold north winds too roughly was it killed.

I grieved when thinking of the part undone,
The prayer unfinished, ere the spirit bright
Had plumed its wings for distant fields of light,
And left the low sweet prize perhaps unwon.

And who could blame the worker's colors faded?
Who knew the thought she strove with eager hands
To weave, before her life's bright shining faded,
Had clothed away and left her life glass bare?

O had just opening of your life's fair dawn!
A queen but waiting for her royal crown;
But now her royal head is bowed down,
And death has triumphed over her fatal morn.

I strive to pierce the overhanging veil,
To look beyond and see if all was well,
What was this death—this awful mystic spell,
Before which mortal tremble and turn pale?

And lo! one night an answer came to me,
A message from the great throne on high;
And upward through the vast, unmeasured sky
My soul swept on in thrilling ecstasy.

O grand the sight that met my mortal eye!
Not tongue nor pen could either write or sing
The plume's made with its vibrant wing,
The colors of the dim and vaulted sky.

And there at last I saw the web complete!
It shone radiant with its own fair light,
Was this celestial hymn, the dying prayer?
The bud had bloomed in perfect flower at last!

ANNE COLEMAN.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Saratoga aims to rival Montreal in winter attractions, and has introduced this year tobogganing on an artificial slide placed in Judge Hilton's Wood-lawn Park.

California's first attempt at raisin producing were made nineteen years ago. The following year about 1500 boxes were made, and the industry has rapidly progressed. Ten years ago the crop amounted to about 10,000 boxes. This year it is estimated at 200,000 boxes.

A human body in a remarkably good state of preservation has recently been found at Pompeii. It is that of a man who was probably struck while in flight at the time of the destruction of the city. The features are well defined, the hands are perfect, and one is supposed to have held two keys, which were found close to it.

Paris is rejoicing in sleighing, which it enjoys elegantly. Russian sledges lined with velvet the owners sit clad in fur pelisses. Some of the driving garments are literally worth a fortune, and, sparkling with diamond ornaments, form the most luxurious and aristocratic garment that Paris has produced for years.

A peculiar article produced by the negroes of Georgia is called by them persimmon bread. Five pounds of it, it is said, will make nearly a barrel of delicious beer, sweet, healthful and non-intoxicating. The persimmons are gathered when thoroughly ripe, the mass is kneaded till it is of the consistency of bread dough, made into a cake and then put into an oven and baked. It will keep all winter and can be used until late in the spring.

A "new and very exhilarating sport," called a "ham race," has been invented at the skating rink in Hagers-town, Maryland. According to the Baltimore American, "the game apparently combines the mystery of blindman's bluff, the excitement of roller skate racing, and some of the social features of the cake walk. A ham is suspended over the surface of the rink at a height admitting of a touch from the upflung hand. The blindfolded skaters are then turned loose to find and touch the "dangling prize," which becomes the property of the successful contestant.

Mr. Sala is a great admirer of Garibaldi, and tells a good story illustrative of his Spartan simplicity. Garibaldi visited a house in England where preparations had been made to entertain him in sumptuous fashion. But he declined to partake of any supper, and asked that a bottle of bitter ale and some bread and cheese might be sent to his room. In the morning when a servant went to call him to come to breakfast he was missing from his room. He was discovered in the garden, but he didn't want any breakfast. He had made his morning meal of what remained of the bread and cheese and beer.

Persons who have watched much with sick people at night, or who have been often awake at midnight from any cause, have noticed an unusual number of noises at that time. Those who are not cowardly often ascribe these to the blinds, the cat, or a starting rail. But just now, in Nevada, an old Ruby Hill miner, who has had fifteen years' experience underground, says that he has observed one peculiar fact, that between twelve and one o'clock in the night, if there is a loose stone or bit of earth in the mine, it is sure to fall. Says he, "About this time it seems that everything begins to stir, and immediately after twelve, although the mine has been still as a tomb before, you will hear particles of rock and earth come tumbling down, and if there is a caving piece of ground in the mine it is sure to give way."

The reason farm hands are so scarce can be accounted for in the fact that a man can't get a moment's rest on the farm. The old rail fence offered some inducement to a man to engage on a farm, but this barbed wire business don't give a man any show at all.—Pest's Sun.

RAILROAD REFORMS.

Facts Relating to the Ages of Children Who Travel.

By Billie in Brook's Eagle.

I wish to suggest a reform to the mighty railway corporations who rule this land with a rail of iron and have of recent years, become coldly reserved and icily exclusive on the vital question of free passes.

Not long erst, when the bloom was on the golden rod and September notes were beginning to fall due, I journeyed toward the land of the South, and the Prince likewise was with me. Now the days of the years of the Prince's pilgrimage have been few and jolly, and have not yet attained unto the days of the years of his father's pilgrimage; but they will, if he lives and keeps on growing. He was born a few months longer than seven years ago, which was such a famous year for colts. But his complexion is fair and his stature limited and his figure slight, inasmuch that he appears to be of five years or under. Now when I got me up on the train I thought no half truth.

As we journeyed to the Southland the conductor approached a woman sitting in the seat in front of me. She had two little girls with her. Their ages were apparently eight and ten years. The younger was reading a book. They were large girls. Not tall for their ages, but pretty massive for the free ride age. It was evident they were half fare candidates, on a fair count. In answer to the conductor's question, the mother, presenting her own ticket, said that her girls were each under six years young. The man with the punch said they were very large for their ages, and the woman said that size had nothing to do with it; if they were tall as giants and were under six years they were entitled to ride free, and she hoped she knew the ages of her own children. And the peculiarly red signal emphasis she placed on her double hopes made the conductor shiver.

He waved his punch with an apologetic gesture, and to his great pleasure, seeking some relief from his embarrassment, he saw me. Ah! now he could quarrel with a man. He could fire me off if I refused to pay half fare for my b. y. "How old is that child?" he demanded, in a p. y or walk accent.

"Dear me," I said, "what a question to ask a father. How old is your youngest child?"

I knew he couldn't tell without thinking it over for five minutes, and so I gained time. He had the look of an old married man with a big family, so when I saw his face begin to clear up, and knew he was coming at me again, I fired at him with.

"How many children have you?"

"That threw him once more, and I saw him furtively count up to seven on his fingers, but I was a little slow getting into battery for the next shot, and before I could ask him their names he charged right into my lines.

"Never mind about my children," he said, "I want to know how old that boy is."

I said, "Conductor, sit down. I can't tell you, and you know why. If I tell you he is only 3 there will be a dreadful lie on my conscience, and I won't get my hair shirt off for a week. If I tell you the truth and says that he is 7-1-2 that woman with the two big 3-year-old girls will consider it a direct insult. You have accepted her statement; now, you couldn't have the boy and massive brow to charge my boy half fare, though I swore he were 10. One lie on a train is enough. Do not press your question and get me into trouble. I must either bear my conscience with a false statement, or get into a row with the mamma of yonder 18 years of girls."

I saw the embarrassing position into which he was forcing both of us, and with gentlemanly consideration left me.

Now, you see the trouble is all here. In adopting a rule for dead head and half fare children the railway companies have acted foolishly and adopted a most absurd standard. First of age. What does a young unmarried conductor know about the ages of children? What conductor, old or young, can dispute the statement of a mother? What has age to do with it, anyhow? Is that standard adopted with any class of passengers save human beings? Does it cost any more to transport a 10 year-old horse than a 3-year-old colt?

The tocsin sounds from the tower. It is my hour to put peas in my shoes and walk around the block until tea time, for telling a book canvasser yesterday that I had just received a copy of the book, "Forest's Footprints of the Algonquins," from the author who was an old college chum and an army comrade of mine. The agent looked me in the eye, while, with many courteous regrets I made this statement, and then, turning to the steel portrait of the author on the title page, asked me if I could recognize my old chum and army comrade.

It was the face of a motherly looking old woman of about 65, and a foot note stated that she died among the Indians in the winter of 1829.

Dear beloved, my sins never count anything against me. I always get caught.

"I SPY."

By Bill Nye.

Dear reader, do you remember the boy of your school who did the heavy falling through the ice and was always about to break his neck, but managed to live through it? Do you call to mind the youth who never allowed anybody else to fall out of a tree and break his collar bone when he could attend to it himself.

Every school has to secure the services of such a boy before it can succeed, and so our school had one. When I entered the school I saw at a glance that the board had neglected to provide itself with a boy whose duty it was to nearly kill himself every few days in order to keep up the interest, so I applied for the position. I secured it without any trouble whatever. The board understood at once from my bearing that I would succeed. And I did not betray that trust they had reposed in me.

Before the first term was over I had tried to climb two trees at once and been carried home on a stretcher; been pulled out of the river with my lungs full of water and artificial respiration resorted to; been jerked around over the north half of the county by a fractious horse whose halter I had tied to my leg, and which later I now three inches longer than the other, together with various other little early eccentricities which I cannot at this moment call to mind. My parents at last got so that long about 2 o'clock p. m. they would look anxiously out of the window and say, "Isn't it about time for the boys to get here with William's remains?" They generally got here before 2 o'clock.

One day five or six of us were playing "I spy" around our barn. Everybody knows how to play "I spy." One shuts his eyes and counts 100, for instance, while the others hide. Then he must find the rest and say "I spy" so and so and touch the "goal" before they do. If anybody beats him to the goal the victim has to be "blind" over again.

Well, I knew the ground pretty well, and could drop twenty feet out of the barn window and strike on a pile of straw so as to land near the goal, touch it, and let the crowd in free without getting found out. I did this several times and got the blinder, James Bang, pretty mad. After a boy has counted 500 or 600, and worked hard to gather in the crowd, only to get jerked and laughed at by the boys, he loses his temper. It was so with James Green Bang. I knew that he almost hated me, and yet I went on. Finally, in the fifth ballot, I saw a good chance to slide down and let the crowd in again as I had done on former occasions. I slipped out of the window and down the side of the barn about two feet when I was detained unavoidably. There was a "batten" on the barn that was loose at the upper end. I think I was wearing my father's vest on that day, as he was away from home and I frequently wore his clothes when he was absent. Anyhow, the vest was too large, and when I slid down, that loose board ran up between the vest and my person in such a way as to suspend me about eighteen feet from the ground in a prominent but very uncomfortable position.

I remember it quite distinctly. James C. Bang came around where he could see me. He said: "I spy Billy Nye and touch the goal before him." No one came to remove the barn. No one came to sympathize with me in my great sorrow and isolation. Every little while James C. Bang would come around the corner and say: "Oh, I see ye. You needn't think you're out of sight up there. I can see you real plain. You better come down and blind. I can see you up there!"

I tried to unbutton my vest and get down there and lick James, but it was of no use.

It was a trying time. I can remember how I tried to kick myself loose, but failed. Sometimes I would kick the barn and sometimes I would kick a large hole in the horizon. Finally I was rescued by a neighbor who said he didn't want to see a good barn kicked into chaos just to save a long legged boy that that wasn't worth over six bits.

It affords me great pleasure to add that while I am looked up to and madly loved by every one that does not know me, Jas. C. Bang is the best president of a fractured bank, taking a lonely blind tour by himself in Europe and waiting for the depositors to die of old age.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they most generally get there with both feet. (Adapted from the French by permission.)

A Cincinnati editor claims to have seen a petrified girl. It is thought, however, that he merely glanced through a kitchen window on his way home.—Boston Post.

DEAR GIDDY GOTHAM.

Sunday Skating And Sabbath Breaking—Arrested On Account Of His Bear—A Church Election—Sly J. Gould—James D. Fiske And His Girl—Chit-Chat.

WRITTEN BY "DEAN" FOR THE COURIER-GAZETTE BY PERK AND N.

Miller has started a skating rink on the site of the old Windsor Theatre in the Bowery. His customers are of a class that have more leisure for bumping their heads and sliding on their ears on Sunday than on week days. He therefore decided to open his rink on the day of rest. But the police realized what a demoralizing effect an open skating rink would have upon the neighboring dance halls and "dives," which are always open, so they told Mr. Miller that he would be arrested if he allowed skating on Sunday. Miller couldn't see exactly what resorts of the most infamously bad character should remain open next door to him on Sunday, while his innocent skating rink was closed. He resolved to test the matter in the courts. Several policemen were at his place on Sunday. Miller opened his ticket office, and his secretary, J. E. Sullivan, bought a ticket, strapped on the rollers and slid out upon the floor. The police let Sullivan cover a few fancy figures and then one of them said:

"You are under arrest."

"Am I?" anxiously replied Mr. Sullivan, as he whirled around gracefully on his left toe. "Yes, you are," said the officer, "and if you don't come to me I will go to you." Sullivan didn't come, and the policeman reached for him, but he wasn't there. He had slid down the floor forty feet. Sullivan sped hither and thither and led the officer the fiercest chase he had ever experienced. The three or four spectators put wagers ten to one on Sullivan, but just as the officer was about to give in from sheer exhaustion, one of Sullivan's skates came off, and he landed on his head and was caught. The case will be carried through all the courts.

The people at the Madison Square Theatre had their attention drawn from the play the other night by the antics of a full blown fat man on the face of a man in the middle of the house. The man sat beside an extremely pretty young woman. When he moved he spoke to her in a loud, hoarse, guttural voice, and she turned her head toward the girl. The man uttered and at last turned, and the play was badly interrupted. An usher tapped the man on his shoulder and led him into the lobby, where Captain Williams snatched off the hat and took the wearer to spend the night in the police station. The girl didn't know what had happened and had an unpleasant time when the play was done. Her escort told the police justice the next day that he wore the false beard to keep from being recognized by his friends, who were opposed to him associating with the girl. He was dressed in the height of fashion and said that he was a Third Avenue grocer named Emanuel Schindler. His fun with the beard cost him five dollars, and he won't indulge in that sort of sport again. His arrest was without doubt an outrage, as the Post-Cure says, that when three or more persons disguise themselves at a public place they commit a misdemeanor. The police said that the other two disguised conspirators were "somewhere around."

The good people of quiet, rural Brooklyn have become aroused against the highly colored sensational play bills of the theatres. The attention of the authorities has been called to the posters or several plays in which pink "tights" form the chief subject of illustration.

Columbia College owns a lot of real estate. It was leased away back in '68. The college proposes now to raise its rent. The tenants are furious, as the lease proposed amounts in some cases to 100 per cent.

The Rev. R. Heller Newman preached a sermon on "Bible Fugitives" on Sunday, in which he treated the famous "hidde!" so tenderly that much indignation has been aroused among devout churchmen. But then, the Rev. R. Heller expects that sort of thing.

One of the chief dramatic attractions this week is Edwin Booth at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. What makes the performance particularly noteworthy is the fact that Mr. Booth is supported by the Boston Museum company. So high point in the drama of flowers, and beautiful colored, it had all the appearances of a museum of flowers. The in-ventor then did some of the work in our presence. He took a small portion of the plume, which is not easily broken or affected by heat, cold or moisture when finished in his hand, and after rolling it in his fingers to increase its pliability, he modelled it into a bunch, held it slightly and applied it to a vase; then it is allowed to remain there twelve hours; it is then painted in oils and glazed, and presents when artistically done a most clever imitation of an expensive imported Lomage vase. Of course ladies and a stilette young women generally are just wild over the invention.

It is said that the Bank of France has an invisible studio in a gully behind the cashiers, so that at a signal from one of them any suspected customer will instantly have his picture taken without his own knowledge. The camera has also become very useful in the detection of frauds, a word or figure that to the eye seemed completely erased, being clearly reproduced in photographs of the document that had been tampered with.

son that his property would have to be taxed in future like that of any other citizen. Now Jay doesn't like to spend money, unless it is for an outrageously extravagant house that looks like a mixture of a castle and a church, or for a few legislators or judges or Congressmen, or something of that sort that he can "use." He likes to have his property paid for, oh yes! but he wants the rest of the public to pay the expenses. Consequently, he steadily moved his elevated railroad offices, the desk and chairs and waste paper baskets and endpapers up Irvington, on the Hudson, hoping in that way to escape paying taxes to this city. He will probably slip up in his little scheme, as judges don't dare to sell them as freely as they did. The Manhattan Elevated Railroad doesn't own a dollar's worth of property in Westchester county, where the offices now are. Cyrus W. Field, a well-known capitalist, says: "We are going to fight like Turks to maintain our position."



James D. Fiske is a Philadelphia lawyer. He prides his photograph on his business cards. He wanted to marry Miss Minnie J. Newman, of White Plains, a suburb of the city, and they were engaged. He took his baggage to her house and made his home there. Mrs. Adeline M. Newman bought her daughter's wedding outfit, and Fiske gave Minnie a piano and a bronze bust of himself. Since then a general "list" of the Fiske-Newman family has taken place. Fiske wanted to send her to school a few years before marrying her, and this made Mrs. Newman angry. She ordered him from her house, and he went, retreating by writing a letter filled with bad spelling and general ignorance. Then he went to the house for Minnie and was confronted by a justice of the peace. There were high words and a lively time generally, and Minnie rushed into the room with the result depicted in the cut. Fiske wanted to adopt her. Since then it is said that she has eloped with him quietly. They fled to foreign lands, taking the Havana Ferry to New Jersey.



CHIT-CHAT.

A series of cheap popular concerts, managed by Theodore Thomas, is to begin at the Academy of Music. Mrs. F. R. Thayer is backing the enterprise. She spends \$30,000 a year on music, she says, and she wants now to put her money for the "divine art" where it will do the most good.

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AFTER BREAKFAST.

By "Fishes" in the Boston Herald.

"What there—what there?" called out Captain Butler blithely as he rolled into the parlor of the tenorial aristocrat and began pulling off his boots.

"This one," said the butler, removing the cloth and regarding the mariner with an air of frozen repulsion.

And the captain was that astonished, that he forgot to yell when the butler had upon a Turkish carpet on the under side of his chin.

IT WAS SURPRISING.

"Here!" snarled the transient to the landlord of the country hotel, who, for the time, had laid off his imperial robes and was waiting on the table, "bring me a glass of good water there's something ails this stuff."

"It ought to be better water," the landlord softly retorted, peering critically into the pitcher, "it was drawn in a well bucket."

And amid the deathless silence that ensued the butler got down from the table and stalked indignantly out of the room.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

"Are we going to hear Patti?" asked young Sypher's young lady, somewhat anxiously, as he was saying good night.

"I don't think we better," young Sypher candidly replied; "they say, you know, that when she came over from Europe the cholera was raging there, and she never has been vaccinated—and what's more, neither have you and I. I'd like to hear Patti, but I'm afraid she's got microbe, and I don't think I ought to expose you to them. Do you?"

And the dear girl looked down into the wells of truth that lied—that lay, we mean, in his eyes, and declared that she'd rather not hear Patti a dozen times than have the cholera once.

"Hove!" chuckled young Sypher, as he tripped gaily homeward, "that's what I call a mighty smart opera show."

A CHARGE OF REMINDER.

"Shall we see you in at the meeting tonight, Mr. Synnyp?" asked the good minister.

"Well, no, I think not," the little tailor replied.

"Sorry to hear you say that," the minister said; "my reason for it."

"Yes, there is," the tailor answered, "I'm pretty particular about these matters of business and religion, and I when I go to meeting I like to go to meeting, don't you see, and give business a rest. For the other night you asked me in, and I went, and what was the first song they sang?"

"I'm sure I don't remember," the minister mildly retorted.

"A Charge to Keep I Have,"

said the little tailor in an injured tone, "that's what it was. There was a 'want to forget' business, you understand, and the first note they chirp sets me grinning."

The minister said he was sorry.

SHOW NO SIGN.

The morning sun shone in with redly flame—And gilds the arabesques upon the wall,
I live, and bask with voice of bird and flower,
The pure white curtain trailing over all.
For all night long the toads of fate have dropped
From cloud clouds upon a sheet would,
I see the distant mountain peaks, some topped—
Beneath the drifts of white and cold a world.
The trees, each tiny twig distinctly swathed
In a soft whiteness, pure as clouded sun,
Seem in a glow with voices of dream and song,
A million voices, transmuted by the sun.
Yet naught, alas! to wreathed me this is—
This pureness—marble—alabaster—chalk,
Pale moon! I find the bones of racing bills,
I've got to go and shovel off the wall."

THE MOST REMARKABLE FACT IN CONNECTION with umbrellas is that, with all the vast number annually stolen, so few people ever seem to have one.

IN SOCIETY.

Lieutenant Gaslington was the lion of the evening, and over and over again was he forced to relate their terrible experiences amid the horrors of an Arctic winter before the resending party had reached them. Finally the some what pale Miss Smythors took him in tow, and after a lengthened flirtation, in which she fended him had struck him hard, she tipped the handsome Lieutenant playfully on the nose with her ivory fan, and cooed said.

"And what, my dear Lieutenant, what did you most suffer the loss of in the gloomy isolation of that frozen wilderness?"

She thought the Lieutenant would stammer at this and murmur something pretty regarding the loss of feminine society, whereupon she had another shot in the locker that would make him show his colors, but the Lieutenant had been there, and served a term in both branches, and he never turned a hair as he looked her fearlessly in the eye and calmly answered:

"Pige."

When Mrs. Geros appeared in court, her husband, the gallant general, always sat by her side in full uniform, with sword and belt. If any wrangle occurred in the progress of a suit, he never failed to remind counsel that he accepted the full responsibility for all the lady or her lawyers might say or do.

THOMASTON.

Steven Melan went to Boston on Monday. Miss Anne Bean has returned from Bangor.

Capt. Edward H. Watts and wife are in Boston.

Frederic H. Hatch, of Boston, is at home of W. H. Hatch, Elm street.

Thos. Nelson Thompson and wife, of Friendship, were in town Sunday.

Mrs. William C. Sawtelle and daughter are guests at home of Dr. H. C. Levenson.

George W. Tilton, civil engineer of Omaha, Nebraska, is visiting at his home.

Mrs. J. Hovey Kellerman has moved into the new house, one door west of Knox House.

R. Leslie Thompson, of Friendship, is at the home of Capt. Geo. W. Wallcut, Knox street.

Ship Gen. Knox, Capt. Joseph R. Henry, is reported ready to sail from San Francisco for Liverpool.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Brighton are on their way to New Orleans to attend the World's Fair in that city.

Rodney L. Thompson, law student in Mr. Gould's office, is sick with an attack of acute rheumatism.

J. E. Moore, who came home for a few days from legislative duties, returned to Augusta Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Mabel N. Nichol have been guests at the home of S. Fossenden Allen during the past week.

Dr. J. Edwin Walker went to Bath every day to attend the wedding of Chas. D. Clark of the Bath Independent.

The good shelling makes business quite lively at the wharves, and a lot of fish is being landed to market.

Camden desires the High school dramatic club to play Esmeralda in Megunick Hall. It will probably be done.

Major Delano has taken the shaft and other parts of machinery of steamer Lisa to Knowlton Bros. Camden, for repairs.

John B. Cotton, esq., of Lewiston, was in town a few days in consultation with Mr. Gould upon important legal affairs.

Herbert W. Leach, one of the crew of the ill-fated Jaquette, will deliver a lecture at Union Hall, Thursday evening next, on life in the Arctic regions. Mr. Leach was in that latitude four years, and is said to be a very interesting speaker.

Mrs. Sarah Cushing, who has been residing in the Henderson house on Main street, has returned to her former residence on Wadsworth street. Her daughter, Sarah E. Cushing, will be visited by her friends this evening, and a pleasant time is in anticipation.

Our Mill River reporter states that news from that locality is dull, yet with the excitement about the loss of a certain pig, the recent fire alarm at D. J. Strutt's, and the new system of book keeping developed in that locality, matters of interest come up and are discussed.

A public installation of the officers elect of Orient Lodge, Free and Accepted Masons, will take place at Union Hall on Tuesday evening of next week, Feb. 4. Masonic Hall in Levenson block is being painted and frescoed, and when done will present a fine appearance.

It is expected that District Deputy Grand Master Wm. A. Barker, of Rockland, will install the officers of Orient Lodge, and that after these ceremonies an address will be made by Rev. S. L. Hanson.

The Encampment of the Maine Grand Army of the Republic will meet in Thomaston on the 27th of February next and be in session four days. It develops on L. Henry Tilton Post of this town to arrange for the reception and entertainment of the various delegates from different parts of the state. In order to perfect this arrangement, and make the same successful, it is hoped that all the citizens of Thomaston will lend their aid and support, and give the Grand Army boys a hospitable reception. Let every comrade do his duty and there will be no lack of assistance from our own people. The citizens of this town have always been kind and generous to the poor and its members.

Rev. C. A. Marsh of the Congregationalist church preached his last sermon Sunday, and made his farewell address to his church. He goes to the church at Woodlands in the town of Deerling. Mr. Marsh has been pastor of the Congregationalist church in Thomaston two years, and has made a worthy pastor, likewise an exemplary citizen; and he and his estimable wife have endeavored themselves to many people in this town, who with them happiness in their new home. On Sunday evening a union meeting was held at the Congregationalist church. Sermon by Mr. Marsh, who was assisted in the service by Rev. W. A. Newcomb and Rev. S. L. Hanson.

A farewell reception was held by Rev. C. A. Marsh and wife Sunday evening, at the residence of Mr. J. L. Jacobs last evening. The Sunday school, which have received instruction from Mr. Marsh made her a beautiful present before leaving Thomaston. Mrs. Marsh has been very kind and attentive to the poor, and they will miss her very much indeed.

SOUTH THOMASTON.

The examinations of the High school were held Friday, and gave new evidence of the thoroughness of the principal, M. A. Johnson. Supervisor Rowell conducted the examination. Wednesday evening the graduation exercises will be held in the Baptist church. The high school will turn house for the occasion.

In a week, or so Rockland, Main; Quaker, Messrs. Lord, Tibbets, Heath and Bell, with Miss Annie Beathmy, pianist, assisted by other local talent will give a concert in the Methodist chapel for the benefit of Stedman Lodge, I. O. of G. T. The concert will give a variety of quartets, duets, songs, etc., and the concert will be well worth attending. Miss Florence Ames of Columbian Classical Institute, Waterville, is at home for a few weeks.

Miss L. E. Brown and Miss Kate Heywood of Rockland were the guests of Miss Annie Ames last week. Will Sheper's collared away last week, while Clevie was handling the tubs. No language was done.

A sketch slide went from the Tuesday night Rockport review Mr. A. D. Thompson.

Mr. J. J. Hanson and Co. are going to furnish their stock to be out in their shed, a pedestal, surrounded by a line of statue of the late Mrs. Joseph Powell. It is to be placed in the cemetery at Union village. It is a very costly and elegant affair. The model will be made by the celebrated sculptor, Sidney H. Moore of Boston. The statue will cut by T. Berthelme.

HURRICANE ISLE.

Geo. Davis Tilton and W. S. White met in Atlantic, Ga., recently to consult in reference to a job which the company is bidding for. It is a wharf of about \$80,000, C. O. D. Emery is what his home at Sea Harbor last week. The Knights of Labor are probably the largest order, numerically, in the world. Granite Assembly of this place is in a flourishing condition. A new assembly will be organized on Vinalhaven, soon, which will doubtless be one of the largest assemblies in the state as very many have signified their intention of joining. Hurricane has a new south job of from \$10,000 to \$12,000, just received. W. S. White is constantly on the lookout for jobs, and the island has lots of work and things are booming. The new steam derrick, which has been erected here, will do away with the cars which have been so useful. An engine house has been built in the quarry and the engine put in.

SWAN'S ISLAND.

S. J. Parkhurst of Bangor made this his last winter on his way westward with a cargo of frozen herring. Dr. L. A. Sprague of Portland has consented to remain a short time with us. He arrived Jan. 20th, via steamer Dolphin. Dr. Marks has been sick with pneumonia, but we are glad to hear that Dr. Sprague has hope of his recovering. The newly married couples have been duly and the ceremonies in both cases have been generously treated.

CAMDEN.

The ladies of the Chestnut street Baptist society, had one of their social gatherings, Tuesday evening, the 26th. All who participated enjoyed themselves, and a goodly sum was realized. Rev. Henry Jones, pastor of St. Thomas Episcopal church, is an earnest, efficient worker for the good of the cause, both here and at Rockport, and is doing much toward bringing the churches up to their old time and stand point. W. D. Clark, who very successfully holds house on Chestnut street, Thursday of next week, will be the guest of the ladies.

Thos. A. Hunt, attorney at law, arrived here Wednesday from Minneapolis, Minn., on a visit to his parents. Fred T. Foster, of the enterprising firm of Washburn & Foster, Portland, was registered at the lax view, Thursday. Miss Ella Adams, one of Camden's estimable young ladies, is visiting at Bangor. Prof. A. D. Danton is at home again.

W. D. Witherspoon is quite ill with influenza. Jos. H. Simonson, author of the editorial chair of the Camden Herald, was successfully, during the absence of the editor.

The Knox Wooden Mill have had new looms put in to accommodate their increasing business. The Camden Church club, organized for the purpose of the science of the mill, are the following officers: last Saturday evening, Oliver Farnsworth, president; A. L. Horton, secretary; Mrs. Helen Colford, treasurer; D. L. Mills, director of music. The society event of the week was the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Shaw of Portland and Miss Fannie E. Linnell, daughter of Capt. A. H. and Mrs. S. F. Linnell. The bride looked charming, the groom happy, the presents were many, elegant and useful, and the marriage was celebrated on the 26th inst. at 10 o'clock.

Miss Grace Darling Perry, one of Camden's fair daughters, has recovered from her recent illness. S. L. Jewett of Gen. C. P. Matlock's packing house, is negotiating with parties to furnish lobsters and fish so as to commence packing at an early day. P. L. Johnson of Union was in town Friday. Capt. W. D. Pierce has recovered from his illness. Marcellus Prince is said to attend to business again. Miss Alice Burdett, a pretty and elegant young lady from Thomaston, is visiting friends here. Robert Davis is making extensive repairs on the wharves at Rockport; also building a new wharf for Greenville Carleton. The concert by the Schubert Quartette of Boston at Megunick Hall, Friday evening, Jan. 23rd, was attended by the elite of the village. The selections were well received. The Quartette was assisted by Misses Mae Morse and Blanche Atkins.

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Marine Department.

Coastwise freights are very low.

Ship Marantha sailed from Rockport yesterday.

Ship Will W. Case, Detroit, is at Rockland unanchored.

Sch. Reliet is loading line for New York for Farrand, Spear & Co.

Sch. Florence N. Tower, Wilson, sailed yesterday for New York.

Sch. Red Jacket, New York to Bathing, unladen packet \$1.10 per ton.

Sch. Alfretha Campbell sailed the 21st from Wood's Hole for New Orleans.

Sch. Adde E. Sleeper, Sleeper, arrived at Matanzas the 14th, from Havana.

Sch. Mabel Hooper, Hooper, arrived at Matanzas the 14th, from Havana.

Ship Alfretha Campbell, from Liverpool, sailed the 18th from San Francisco.

Sch. Sardinian, Hatch, was loading line at A. J. Bird's for New York yesterday.

Sch. Maugie Marston, Peniston, loads line for H. O. Gurdy & Co. and Ames & Co.

Sch. M. A. Arborn and Sarah F. Bird received slight repairs at New York recently.

Sch. Commerce sailed for New York the 23d. Capt. John Hodgdon has taken command.

Sch. S. J. Lindsey, Lewis, was loading line Saturday at Joseph Shaw's, for New York.

At Matanzas, John Shaw will commence work in March on a three masted scho. of 300 tons.

Schs. Vulcan, Norris, and Allie Oakes are bound here from New York with a cargo of coal for S. G. Prescott.

Sch. Ada F. Whitney, at Boston, reported in our last as still on fire, was opened Thursday and the fire found to be all extinguished.

Sch. Northern Light, before reported sunk near Eastport, has been raised and hauled, and will receive a new keel and some planks.

Sch. Wm. H. Allison, Keniston, is at Boston discharging phosphate rock from Charleston, S. C. Capt. Keniston is at home.

Sch. Star of Deer Isle, 120 tons, built in 1850 at Bristol, R. I., has been bought by Capt. John Dixon, of Hopewell Cape, N. B., for \$200.

Sch. Gen. Adolph Ames, Jamison, is discharging hard pine at Providence, R. I., from Savannah, Ga. Capt. Jamison is at home for a short time.

The charter of Iriz M. C. Haskell, reported last week for Annapolis, Md., has been cancelled owing to charter in a firming-out satisfactory security for payment of freight.

Capt. Chas. I. Marston started today for New York, where he joins sch. Jamison, which sails to Providence, R. I., and returns to Providence with lumber at \$1.20.

The London & North-western Railway Company has entered a claim for \$20,000 damages against the American ship Santa Clara, which collided with and sunk the packet Admiral Monson.

Sch. L. T. Whitman, Blackington, from Richmond, Va., for New York, put into Vineyard Haven 10th inst., having encountered a very heavy westerly gale 17th, in which split foresail and broke foremast.

Capt. Peter Kennedy went to Boston today to take charge of his schooner, the Ada A. Kennedy. He is chartered to New Orleans and is to bring home the purchases made by Rockland visitors to the exposition.

Sch. James B. Jordan, bound to Hingham Ayres with hard pine, went ashore on the upper flats at Savannah the 9th inst., but came off next day with the aid of two tugs without apparent damage, and went on to the 15th.

Several vessels are detained at Georgetown, S. C., on account of the light depth of the water on the bar. The schooner Linah C. Kaminski, bound for New York, has now been detained for thirty-eight days, and is still there.

Ship Santa Clara, Dunn, for New York, which put back to this port after being in collision with the steamer Admiral Monson, has been damaged, but the injury is not thought to be serious. The steamer is charged with the accident.

Sch. Milford, Look, arrived at Jacksonville Wednesday from Rockland. She experienced very heavy weather the entire passage and lost her foremast and had small boat stove to pieces by a very heavy sea breaking on to the vessel and flooding decks.

Complaint is made against the throwing of rubbish and dirt into the river Mersey. The dock authorities appear to be the principal offenders. New York is not alone in having its harbor injured by those who should try to protect it.

Sch. Ocean Queen, of St. Andrews, N. B., loaded with freight for Grand Menan, went ashore on the west side of Bass Harbor in the gale of 11th inst., and became almost a total wreck. The vessel and cargo were sold by auction the 17th. James Parker, of Gloucester, buying the vessel.

An appropriation of \$150,000 for St. Johns, Fla., harbor improvement, is expected from Congress. A permanent depth of at least fourteen feet of water on the high bar at high tide is put as the minimum benefit to result from the improvements. As soon as fourteen feet depth is reached, a weekly line of steamers between New York and Jacksonville will be run.

New York CHARLES—Sch. James Boyce, Jr., from Norfolk to Havana, coal, and back with sugar to a port north of Havana, private terms. Sch. S. P. Hinchey, from Liverpool to New York, salt, private terms. Sch. A. J. Fabers, from Mobile to Kingston, Ja., lumber, \$9.50. Sch. Isaac Orleton, from Richmond to N. S. Cuba, hoops, \$5.00 Spanish gold and Spanish consul fees. Sch. Vulcan, from Hallowell to Rockland, coal, \$1. Sch. Clio, from Portland, from Portland to Boston, gravel, \$1.00. Sch. Jennie R. Morse from Philadelphia to Cardenas, empty hull, 75 cts., and hooks, 20 cts. Sch. George Bird from South Amboy to Portland, coal 80 cts and discharges.

DOMESTIC PORTS.

BALTIMORE—At 20th, steam sch. Walker Armstrong, Drinkwater, Providence.

BEVERLY—Sch. S. C. 8th 17th, sch. R. Bowers, Smith, Wood's Hole.

PHILADELPHIA—At 20th, sch. Henry Southern, Hupper, Boston.

WILMINGTON, DEL.—At the 21st, sch. Geo. M. Dranah, Tolman, Fall River.

FOREIGN PORTS.

At Matanzas 11th inst, sch. Moses Webster, Rhodes, Baltimore.

At Ponce de Leon, sch. John R. Stanhope, DeWinter, for United States.

AMERICAN SHIPPING.

Senator Frye introduced a bill in the Senate on January 17 to encourage the American merchant marine, authorize the Postmaster General to contract with ships of American registry to carry the mails of the United States between any part of the United States and any foreign port, or between ports of the Atlantic and Pacific.

In which the contract price is not to exceed \$1 per mile on the trip each way, and the term of contract is not to exceed four years. The aggregate amount to be expended for such service is not to exceed the gross revenue of the United States on mail matter sent to and received from foreign countries during the fiscal year in which such contracts are made, less the amount paid to foreigners for transportation of the mail. All vessels engaged in such contracts in time of war are to be subject to purchase or charter by the United States; and all foreign vessels or sailing vessels carrying the United States mails may be allowed a sum not exceeding the sea postage now allowed by law.

INTERESTING DECISION

In the Nina Tillson Case the Tug Bears the Blame.

The decision of Judge Nelson of the U. S. District court in the Nina Tillson case was given Friday. The owners of the Tillson libeled both the tug and the colliding steamer. The collision took place in Boston Harbor in the forenoon of August 23, 1884, the tug towing the schooner at the time. There was a hearing in December last, and a decision has now been given.

The court holds that the tug had the right of way in the channel, and that the schooner was at fault. The judge says that the tug was employed by the master of the Nina Tillson, a large three-masted schooner, having on board a cargo of 900 tons of coal, to tow her from her anchorage on the easterly of South Boston side of the channel, in the upper harbor of Boston, to a wharf in Chelsea, where her cargo was to be delivered. She was living with her head to the tide, which was on the dead and setting, and was in the harbor.

The schooner, then, was in the harbor, and the tug was towing her. The tug was at fault, and the schooner was not at fault. The judge says that the tug was employed by the master of the Nina Tillson, a large three-masted schooner, having on board a cargo of 900 tons of coal, to tow her from her anchorage on the easterly of South Boston side of the channel, in the upper harbor of Boston, to a wharf in Chelsea, where her cargo was to be delivered.

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WALDOBORO.

Mrs. J. K. Wilbur is quite seriously ill. Fred Pitcher is at home from Caribou on vacation. Miss Gertrude E. Wilbur has returned from Boston. Frank Wilbur has moved to his father's. Mrs. W. W. Alwood has returned from New Hampshire. George Tolman of Portland, warden of the Maine state prison, was in town last week. Dr. J. W. Jamison has moved his family from his home back to Silas Creamer's house on the depot road. The Waldoboro skating rink has been leased to E. W. Singleton & Co. of Warren. The rink was reopened Friday night. Music was furnished by eight pieces from Warren. Great excitement has prevailed here the past week on account of the sudden disappearance of Capt. Joseph Devere, late proprietor of the Hogg Island summer resort, who left home a week ago last Friday, apparently to go to Portland, but as he failed to return and his family followed on Tuesday, people began to suspect that he had gone to stay. He has relatives living in Nova Scotia, and it is presumed that he has gone there. In performing this service the tug made fast to the starboard quarter of the schooner, and with the wheels of both vessels put hard to starboard, their heads gradually turning northward or up the harbor, proceeded in tow her across the channel. The tug then made fast to the starboard quarter of the schooner, and with the wheels of both vessels put hard to starboard, their heads gradually turning northward or up the harbor, proceeded in tow her across the channel. The tug then made fast to the starboard quarter of the schooner, and with the wheels of both vessels put hard to starboard, their heads gradually turning northward or up the harbor, proceeded in tow her across the channel.

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THE COURIER-GAZETTE

PORTER & FULLER.

A MODERN PAPER.

Fortieth year, 1885, of this Rockland Courier-Gazette. Eleventh year, 1885, of the Rockland Courier.

Two dollars a year in advance. \$1.00 if paid at end of year. \$1.00 for six months. 50 cents for three months. Trial free.

THE OUTLOOK.

Members of the Salvation Army think Portland the worst place they ever saw. It will doubtless prove an excellent battlefield for the army.

The finances of Vassar College are in bad shape. Vassar has been a bonanza for funny paragraphers, and they should see that her treasury is replenished.

O'Donovan Rossa wants gore. This sanguine desire of the agitator may have had some connection with the fiendish assault upon Phelan in Rossa's office.

Polo playing is becoming more and more popular. The frequent complaints of unfair decisions of the referee give the game a decidedly base-ballish flavor.

Turkey has concluded to take a hand in the Egyptian war, and England has determined to prevent the landing of Turkish troops in Egypt. The end is not yet.

A strong effort is to be made for the establishment of a reformatory institution for women in this state. That such an institution is needed is a foregone conclusion.

In the United States they are "dynamiters." In Canada they are "dynamiters." In England they are "dynamitards." In every country they are nuisances.

Wm. M. Evans has been nominated by the republicans of the New York legislature U. S. senator to succeed E. G. Lapham. This a triumph of the people over the party machine.

It is now almost a year since Gen. Gordon entered Khartoum. He has made a gallant defence of the place. He found it easier to enter the city, however, than to get out.

Aroostook county wants a supreme court. The average number of miles Aroostook people have to travel to attend court is 93. This is carrying the thing too far. Aroostook should have a court of its own.

Senator Morgan of Alabama thinks that before the United States annexes or purchases more territory she had better develop and suitably care for that which she already has. The senator is not very far out of the way.

It is rumored that Judge Danforth, re-appointed to the supreme bench, will not accept the appointment, and that E. F. Webb, esq., of Waterville, will succeed him. Mr. Webb is undoubtedly qualified to fill the position acceptably.

The reports of the serious illness of the pope were exaggerated. Tuesday he gave an audience to a thousand students and addressed them in Latin. A man that can stand a thousand students, and talk to them in Latin can't be very sick.

Gen. Neal Dow says: "We propose to make liquor selling unpleasant and unprofitable and to close up the rat-holes through which rum sellers have escaped from the hands of justice." The general is still a vigorous temperance man if he is getting well along in years.

Postmaster General Hutton has sent to the chairman of the house committee on post offices the draft of a bill providing for the reduction of postage on second class matter or newspapers mailed by publishers from two cents to one cent per pound. This bill deserves to become a law.

The legislative committee on fish and game is having its share of business. One bill, just presented, calls for an act to prevent the sale of fresh-water fish to parties outside of our state. The rapid depletion of the inhabitants of our inland waters emphasizes the need of such an act.

Certain white settlers occupied the reservation of the Creek Indians, Indian Territory, and refused to vacate when ordered so to do by the government. Troops have been sent against them, and they will be removed by force if necessary. Summary and severe action on the part of the government will have a salutary effect upon the lawless element in the west. There is altogether too much of this law-defying, order-straying spirit life beyond the Mississippi.

Editor McClure of the Philadelphia Times has been sued by the proprietor of a Louisiana lottery for alleged injury to the plaintiff's lottery business. It will be next in order for Texas cowboys to institute suits against various newspapers for damage done to their horse-thieving trade.

Edmund Yates, editor of the London World, is serving a four months term of imprisonment for libel. Since his imprisonment there has been a demand for 20,000 extra copies of his paper, the extra demand yielding enough to more than pay the expenses of the trial. There is no loss without some small gain.

The proposition to change state elections in Maine from September to November in presidential years is still being agitated. The argument in its favor is economy, as it costs about \$12,000 to hold the extra election. The argument is a weighty one, and no good reason can be assigned for not making the change.

President Arthur, after considerable delay, has appointed Col. Carrol D. Wright of Massachusetts chief of the labor bureau. The appointment seems to give universal satisfaction. The president was called upon to decide between an active labor agitator and a scholarly statistician and wisely chose the latter.

An improvement on the postal card is agitated, consisting of a sheet of paper, stamped with lines on one side for the address and lines on the other for the message. This will be sealed up and will only cost one cent. People have a prejudice against sending messages on cards open to public inspection. The suggested improvement is worthy of consideration.

Pittsburg, Penn., cooking stoves are run by gas furnished at 12 1/2 cents per 1000 cubic feet. This gas is supplied in its natural state from the earth. The supply is said to be so great that a stock company is talked of to lay pipes for the supply of other large cities. It is not thought that this supply of natural gas has any connection with the political campaign just passed.

Sheriff Chapman of Bangor has issued orders that the bars of all the hotels and saloons of the city shall be closed promptly at 10 o'clock p. m., that they shall not keep open on Sundays, and that all cases and barrels containing liquor shall be covered while being hauled through the streets. Evidently there's something very rotten in Denmark when a sheriff in a temperance state feels called upon to issue such a mandate.

Massachusetts papers are greatly worried about our state. According to many of these publications the cause of education and religion is on the decline in Maine. If this prove true it should not be a matter of surprise when one considers the large number of noted clergymen and able instructors who, within the last decade, have been called from our state to occupy high positions in the Massachusetts commonwealth.

Boston's board of aldermen have passed an order making an unanimous vote necessary hereafter for the issuing of a license for pugilistic exhibitions, and it is probable that such performances have had their day at the Hub. It is about this time that some action of the sort was taken, as the "center of the universe" was getting anything but an enviable reputation for her treatment of sluggers, and their brutal exhibitions.

A bill has been presented to the house committee of congress on public lands prohibiting aliens and foreigners from acquiring titles to lands in this country. The bill has been reported to the house with a recommendation that it shall pass. The promoters of the bill represent that many millions of acres of western lands are now owned by wealthy and titled foreigners, and that national preservation calls for some prompt measure. The importance of the measure, and the need of its enactment will be apparent to all true Americans.

It would be highly refreshing to hear of the death of some great and wealthy man, who was not at some period of his life taken for a servant and did some menial service for a person who was afterwards ascended to find that the supposed servant was the wealthy Mr. Samsbo or ex-Gov. Thos. Chandler. The latest posthumous story is about ex-Gov. Colburn, and states that at one of the commencements of Orono College the venerable ex-governor carried water for a lady, Louis. Kellogg, the vocalist, she supposing him to be one of the hotel attaches. Her amazement can be imagined when told that it was none other than the governor of the state. The story is a good one, and we hope it's true, but we would fain accept it with a grain of salt.

The Grandfather's Story.

When I first took my seat as a clerk in our bank, the state of the country was far less safe than it is now. The roads were not only unconscionable of Macadam, and fatal in many places to wheels and springs, but dangerous to a still more alarming degree from the outrages and robberies to which the travellers were exposed.

Men's minds were unsettled by the incidents of the war on which we had just entered; commerce was interrupted, credit was at an end, and distress began to be discovered among whole classes of the population who had hitherto lived in comfort. However harshly the law had been administered it seemed to have no terror for the evil-doer, and, indeed, the undeciphering cruelty of the Statute book defeated its own object by punishing all crimes alike. But, a time of pecuniary pressure is not a bad season for a bank.

The house flourished, though the country was in great straits; and the enormous profits at that time realized by bankers—which enabled them to purchase large estates and outshine the old territorial aristocracy—made the profession as unpopular among the higher classes as it had already become among the unreasoning masses. By then a banker was looked upon as a sort of licensed forger, who created enormous sums of money by merely signing square pieces of flimsy paper; and I am persuaded the robbery of a bank would have been considered by many people quite as meritorious an action as the disposal of a band of coiners.

These, however, were not the sentiments of us bankers' clerks. We felt that we belonged to a mighty corporation, on whose good will depended the prosperity of half the farms in the country. We considered ourselves the executive government, and carried on the business of the office with a pride and dignity that would have fitted us for Secretaries of State. We used even to walk the streets with a braggadocio air, as if our pockets were loaded with gold; and if two of us hired a gig for a country excursion, we pretended to look under the driving seat as if to see to the safety of innumerable amounts of money; ostentatiously examining our pistols to show that we were determined to defend our treasure or die. Not seldom these precautions were required in reality: for when a pressure for gold occurred among our customers, two of the most courageous of the clerks were dispatched with the required amount in strong leather bags deposited under the seat of the gig, which bags they were to guard at the risk of their lives.

Whether from the bodily strength I was gifted with, or from some idea that I was not given to boasting, I might really possess the necessary amount of boldness, I do not know, but I was often selected as one of the guards to a valuable cargo of this description; and as if to show an impartiality between the most silent and the most talkative of their servants, the partner united with me in this service the most blustering, boastful, good-hearted and loud-voiced young gentleman I have ever known.

You have most of you heard of the famous electioneering orator Tom Riddle—who stood at every vacancy for county and borough, and passed his whole life between the elections, in canvassing for himself and friends. Tom Riddle was my fellow clerk, and generally the companion of my drives in charge of treasure. "What would you do," I said to Tom, "in case we are attacked?" "Tell ye what," said Tom with whom that was a favorite way of beginning almost every sentence, "Tell ye what! I'll shoot 'em through the head."

"Then you expect there will be more than one?" "I should think so," said Tom; "if there was only one I'd jump out of the gig and give him a precious kicking. Tell ye what! 'Twould be proper punishment for his impudence."

"And if half a dozen should try it?" "Shoot 'em all!" Never was there such a determined custodian as the gallant Tom Riddle.

One cold December evening we were suddenly sent off, in charge of three bags of coin, to be delivered into customers' hands within ten or twelve miles of the town. The clear frosty sky was exhilarating, our courage was excited by the speed of the motion, the dignity of our responsible office, and a pair of horse pistols, which lay across the apron. "Tell ye what," said Tom, taking up one of the pistols and (as I afterwards found) full cocking it, "I should rather like to meet a few robbers. I should serve them as I did those three disbanded soldiers." "How was that?" "Oh! it's as well," said Tom, pretending to grow very serious, "to say nothing about these unfortunate accidents. Blood is a frightful thing on the conscience, and a bullet through a fellow is a disagreeable sight; but—tell ye what!—I'd do it again. Fellows who risk their lives must take their chance my boy."

And here Tom put the other pistol on full cock, and looked audaciously on both sides of the road, as if daring the lurking murderers to come forth and receive the reward of their crimes. As to the story of the soldiers, and the fearful insinuations of a bloody deed executed on one or all, it was a prodigious rhodomontade for Tom was such a tender-hearted individual, that if he had shot a kitten it would have made him unhappy for a week. But to hear him talk, you would have taken him for a rascal. Richard the Third, one who had "neither pity, love, nor fear."

His whiskers also were very ferocious, and suggestive of battle, murder, and ruin. So, he went on playing with his pistol, and giving himself out for an unimpaired executioner of vengeance on the guilty, until we reached the small town where one of our customers resided, and it was necessary for one of us to carry one of the bags to its destination. Tom undertook this task.

As the village at which the remaining parcels were to be delivered was only a mile further on, he determined to walk across the fields and join me after he had executed his commission. He looked carefully at the priming of his pistol,

stuck it ostentatiously in the outside breast pocket of his great coat; and, with stately step, marched off with the heavy money-bags in his hand. I put the whip to the horse, and trotted merrily forward, thinking nothing whatever of robbery and danger, in spite of the monetary conversation of Tom Riddle. Our first customer resided at the outskirts of the village—a farmer who required a considerable amount in gold. I pulled up at the narrow dark entrance of the lane that led up to his house; and, as my absence could not be more than a few minutes, I left the gig, and proceeded up the lane with my golden treasure. I delivered it into the hands of its owner; and, manfully resisting all his hospitable invitations, I took my leave, and walked rapidly towards the gig. As I drew near, I perceived in the clear starlight a man mounted on the step, and groping under the seat. I ran forward, and the man, alarmed at my approach, rapidly raised himself from his stooping position, and, presenting a pistol, fired it so close to my eyes that the flash blinded me for a moment; the action was so sudden and my surprise so great, that for a short time too I was bewildered, and scarcely knew whether I was alive or dead. The old horse never started at the report, and I rested my hand on the rim of the wheel, while I endeavored to collect my scattered thoughts. The first thing I ascertained was that the man had disappeared. I then hurriedly examined under the seat, and to my intense relief, perceived the remaining money-bag still in its place.

There was a slit in it, however, near the top, as if made by a knife—the robber probably resolving merely to possess himself of the coin, without the dangerous accompaniment of the leatheren sack, by which he might have been traced. "Tell ye what!" said a voice close beside me, as I concluded my scrutiny. "I don't like practical jokes like that—firing off pistols to frighten folks. You'll alarm the whole village."

"Tom," I said, "now's the time to show your courage. A man has robbed the gig—or tried to do it—and has fired at me within a yard of my face."

Tom grew perceptibly pale at this information. "Was there only one? Then the accomplices are near. What's to be done? Shall we rouse farmer Malins, and get his men to help?"

"Not for the world," I said. "I would rather face a dozen shots than have my carelessness known at the Bank. It would ruin me for life. Let us count the money in this bag, quickly deliver it if it be correct, and then follow the robber's course." It was only a hundred guinea bag, that one, but the counting was nervous work. We found three guineas wanting. We were luckily able to supply them from our own pockets (having just received our quarter's salaries), and I left Tom there, delivered the bag at its destination very near at hand without a word of the robbery, and went back to him. "Now! Which way did he go?" said Tom, resuming a little of his former air, clutching his pistol, like the chief of a chorus of banditti in a melodrama. I told him I had been so confused that I had not observed which way he had retreated.

Tom was an old hand at poaching—though he was a clergyman's son, and ought to have set a better example. "I have heard a hare stir at a hundred yards," he said, and laid his ear close to the frosty ground.

"If he's within a quarter of a mile, I shall hear him move." I also lay down on the ground. There was silence for a long time. We heard nothing but our breathing and the breathing of the horse. "Hush!" said Tom at last. "He has come out of his hiding. I hear a man's step far away to the left; bring your pistol and let us follow."

I took the pistol and found the dim light down on the pan. The man had fired at me with my own weapon, and no wonder he had fired so suddenly; for Tom now acknowledged to his belief that he had forgotten to cock it. "Never mind," said Tom. "I'll blow his brains out with mine, and you can split his skull with the butt-end of yours. Tell ye what! It's of no use to spare those malefactors. I'll fire, the moment I see him."

"Not till I tell you whether it's the robber or not."

"Should you know him do you think?" "In the flash of the powder I saw a pair of haggard and amazed eyes which I shall never forget." "On, then!" said Tom; "We'll have a three hundred pound reward, and see the rascal hanged besides." We set off, slowly and noiselessly, in the direction Tom had pointed out. Occasionally he applied his ear to the ground and always muttering, "We have him! we have him!" proceeded in the same careful manner as before. Suddenly Tom said, "He's doubling. He has been leading us on the wrong scent all this time; he has turned towards the village." "Then our plan," I said, "should be to get there before him. If we intercept him in that way he can't escape; and I feel I could identify him if I saw him by candle-light." "Tell ye what!—that's the plan," replied my companion. "We'll watch at the entrance of the village, and arrest him the moment he comes in."

We crept through an opening of the hedge, and got once more in the straight lane that led to the village. It was now very late, and the cold was so intense that it kept every person within-doors; for, we heard no sound in the whole hamlet, except high up in the clear air, the ticking of the church clock, and the loud jangle of the quaters that seemed like peals of artillery in the excited state of our minds and senses. Close to the church—which appeared to guard the entrance of the village, with its low buttressed walls, and its watch-tower of steeples—there was a wretched ruined-looking cottage, which projected so far into the lane that the space between it and the church was not more than eight or nine feet. It struck us both at the same moment that if we could get it a lodgement here it would be impossible for the man to slip into the village without our observation. After listening for a while at the windows and doors of the building, we concluded it was uninhabited; gently pushing open the door, we climbed a narrow stone staircase, and were making for a gable window which

we had observed from the road, and which commanded the whole approach to the village, when we heard a voice say in a whisper, as we attained the garret we were in search of—"Is that you William?"

We stopped for a minute or two, and the speaker's expectation was disappointed. We now placed ourselves at the window, and listened for the slightest sound. We remained there listening, for a long time. Several quaters had died off into "the eternal melodies," far up in the church tower, and we were beginning to despair of seeing the object of our search, when Tom nudged me noiselessly with his elbow.

"Tell ye what!" he whispered very softly. "There's a foot-step round the corner. See! There's a man under the hedge looking up at the text window. There—he moves! We must be after him. Hallo! Stop—he crosses the lane. He's coming into this very house!"

I certainly did see a figure silently steal across the road and disappear under the doorway of the building we were in. But we had no light; and we knew nothing of the arrangement of the rooms. Another quarter thrown off from the old church clock, warned us that the night was rapidly passing away. We had almost resolved to retrace our steps if possible, and get back to where we had left our unfortunate horse, when I was again nudged by my friend's elbow. "Tell ye what!" he whispered. "Something's going on;" and he pointed to a feeble glimmer on the rafters of the roof above us. The light proceeded from the next room, which had not been built above the height of the ceiling joists, so that the roof was common to both chambers—the adjoining one, and that in which we were—the partition wall being only seven or eight feet high. We could have heard anything that was said but we listened in vain for the slightest sound.

The light, however, continued to burn; we saw it flickering across the top of the habitation, and dimly playing far up among the dark thatch of the roof.

"Tell ye what!" said Tom. "If we could get up on these old joists, we could see into the next room. Hold my pistol, till I get up and—tell ye what!—then I can shoot 'em easy." "For Heaven's sake Tom!" I said, "be careful. Let me see whether it is the man."

"Come up, then," said Tom, who now bestrode one of the main beams and gave me a hand to aid my ascent. We were both on the level of the wall, and by placing our heads a little forward, could see every portion of the neighboring room. A miserable room it was. There was a small round table, there were a couple of old chairs; but utter wretchedness was the characteristic of the cheerless and fireless apartment. There was a person, apparently regardless of the cold, seated at the table and reading a book. The little taper which had been lighted without any noise, was only sufficient to throw its illumination on the features and figure of the reader, and on the table at which she sat. They were wasted and pallid features—but she was young, and very pretty; or the mystery and strangeness of the accident threw such an interest around her, that I thought so. Her dress was very scanty, and a shawl, wrapped closely round her shoulders, perhaps displayed, rather than concealed the deficiency of her clothing in other respects. Suddenly we saw at the farther end of the room a figure emerge from the darkness; Tom grasped his pistol more firmly, and put the cock back, preventing it from making any noise with his thumb. The man stood in the doorway, as if uncertain whether to enter or not.

He looked for a long time at the woman, who still continued her reading; and then silently advanced. She heard a step, and lifted up her head, and looked in his face without saying a word. Such a face, so pale, so agitated, I never in my life saw.

"We shall go to-morrow," he said; "I have got some money—as I expected." And with these words he laid three golden guineas on the table before her. Still she said nothing—but watched his countenance with her lips apart.

"Tell ye what!" said Tom, "that's the money. Is that the man?" "I don't know yet, till I see his eyes." In the mean time, the conversation went on below.

"I borrowed these pieces from a friend," continued the man, as if in answer to the look she bent on him; "a friend, I tell you. I might have had more, but would take only three. They are enough to carry us to Liverpool, and, once there, we are sure of a passage to the West."

"Once in the West, the world is before us. I can work, Mary. We are young—a poor man has no chance here, but we can go to America with fresh hopes."

"And a good conscience?" said the woman, in a whisper like Lady Macbeth's. The man was silent. At last he seemed to grow angry at the steadiness of her gaze.

"Why do you look at me in that manner? I tell you we shall start to-morrow."

"And the money?" said the woman.

"I will send it back to my friend from whom I borrowed it out of my first earnings. I took only three, in case it should incommode him to lend me more."

"I must see that friend myself," said Mary, "before I touch the money."

"Tell ye what! Is it the man?" again asked Tom. "Hush!" I said; "let us listen."

I recognized a friend of mine in one of the clerks in the Melfield Bank. I gave my word I got the coins from him. "Tell ye what!" He confesses," said Tom; "let us spring on him by surprise—an ugly ruffian as I ever saw!" "And with that sum," he continued, "See what we can do. It will relieve us from our distress, which has come upon us—Mary, you know I speak the truth in this—from no other fault of mine than too much confidence in a treacherous friend. I can't see you starve. I can't see the baby reduced from our comfortable keeping to lie on straw at the end of a barn like this. I can't do it—I won't!" he went on, getting more impassioned in his words.

"At whatever cost, I will give you a chance of comfort and independence."

"And peace of mind?" replied Mary. "Oh, William, I must tell you what terrible fears have been in my heart, all this dreary night, during your absence; I have read, and prayed, and turned for comfort to Heaven."

"Oh, William, give the money back to your friend—I say nothing about the loan—take it back; I can't look at it! Let us starve—let us die, if it must be so—but take the money away." Tom Riddle gently put down the cock of his pistol, and ran the sleeve of his coat across his eyes.

"Let us trust, William," the woman went on, "and deliverance will be found. The weather is very cold," she added. "There seems no visible hope; but I cannot altogether despair at this time of the year. This barn is not more humble than the manger at Bethlehem, which I have been reading about all night." At this moment, a great clang of bells pealed from the old church tower; it was so near that it shook the rafters on which we sat, and filled all the room with the sharp ringing sound. "Hark!" cried the man, startled. "What's that?" "—It is Christmas morning," said the woman. "Ah, William, William, what a different spirit we should welcome it with; in what a different spirit we have welcomed it, many and many a happy time!"

"He listened for a moment or two to the bells, then he sank on his knees, and put his head on his lap; and there was perfect silence except the Christmas music."

"Tell ye what!" said Tom. "I remember we always sung a hymn at this hour, in my father's house."

"Let us be off—I wouldn't disturb these people for a thousand guineas."

Some little noise was made by our preparations to descend. The man looked up, while the woman still continued absorbed in prayer. My head was just on a level of the wall. Our eyes met. They were the same that had flashed so wildly when the pistol was fired from the gig. We continued our descent.

The man rose quietly from his knees, and put his finger to his lip. When we got down stairs he was waiting for us at the door. "Not before her," he said. "I would spare her the sight if I could."

"I am guilty of the robbery, but I wouldn't have harmed you, sir. The pistol went off the moment I put my hand upon it. For God's sake tell her of it gently, when you have taken me away."

"Tell ye what!" said Tom Riddle—whose belligerent feeling had entirely disappeared—"The pistol was my mistake, and it's all a mistake together."

"Come to my friend and me, at the bank, the day after tomorrow, and—tell you what!—the sharp wind brings water to my eyes.—We'll manage to lend you some more."

So the bells still rang clear in the midnight air; and our drive home through the frosty lanes was the pleasant drive we ever had in the whole of our lives.

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